

ACTION

PICTURE
LIBRARY
No.14 One Shilling

A
FLEETWAY
LIBRARY



A SCIENTIFIC
DISCOVERY THAT
LED ONLY TO
DEATH!

BLOOD HEAT



MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

ON the 1st of April, 1945, Corporal Thomas Hunter of the Royal Marine Commandos, was leading a bren group forward in enemy-held territory, when he realised they were facing a strong, dug-in enemy position. Knowing that there was no other way round, Hunter charged forward alone. In the ensuing fight he cleared the position.



Later in the day he found himself in a similar position—but without his bren gun. Without a thought for his own safety he proceeded to draw the enemy's fire, thus saving his men from certain destruction. For his gallant actions on this one day, Corporal Hunter was awarded the Victoria Cross.

BLOOD HEAT

WHEN PROFESSOR HANS LENZ, A FORMER REFUGEE SCIENTIST FROM NAZI-DOMINATED EUROPE, COMBINED HIS NEWLY-DISCOVERED ELEMENT LENZIUM WITH A URANIUM METAL FUEL IN MAGNESIUM ALLOY, HE FOUND HE HAD MADE A SENSATIONAL BREAK-THROUGH IN CONTROLLED NUCLEAR HEAT. BUT HIS DISCOVERY WAS TO LEAD TO DEATH AND A CHASE ACROSS THE WORLD !

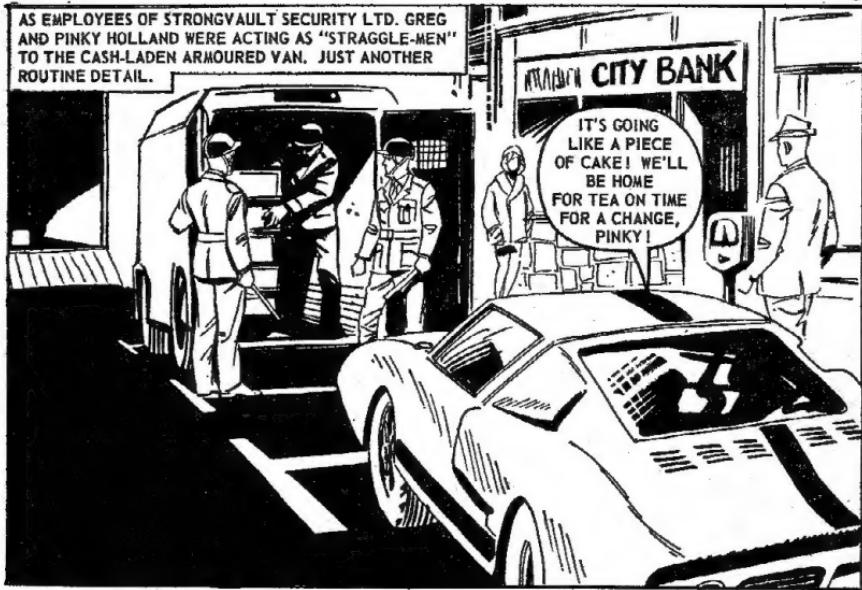
EUREKAI! WE
WE HAVE DONE IT!
WE HAVE BROKEN THROUGH
THE HEAT BARRIER. FOR ME,
LUTHER, IT IS A DREAM
COME TRUE!



4
GREG BURKE PUT HIS FOOT DOWN AND JUMPED THE AMBER LIGHT A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE RED CAME UP. THE HONKS OF PROTESTING DRIVERS BLARED IN CHORUS...



AS EMPLOYEES OF STRONGVAULT SECURITY LTD. GREG AND PINKY HOLLAND WERE ACTING AS "STRAGGLE-MEN" TO THE CASH-LADEN ARMoured VAN. JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE DETAIL.



THE NEXT MOMENT, FOUR CARS CAME OUT OF THE SIDE ROADS AT SPEED, TYRES SQUEALING...



THE CARS' BRAKES SLAMMED ON AND THUGS TUMBLED ON TO THE ROAD...



THE GUARDS WENT DOWN FIGHTING AGAINST THE MERCILESS ATTACK.



THE AMMONIA GUN IN HIS HAND, GREG WAS RACING TOWARDS THE SCENE WHEN ONE OF THE AMBUSHERS TURNED ON HIM. BUCKSHOT STREAKED OVER HIS HEAD.



BUT STILL GREG RAN ON – UNTIL PINKY FLUNG HIM OFF HIS FEET WITH A RUGBY CHARGE...



MEANWHILE, A LARGE EMPTY FURNITURE VAN HAD BACKED UP TO THE STRONGVAULT TRUCK.



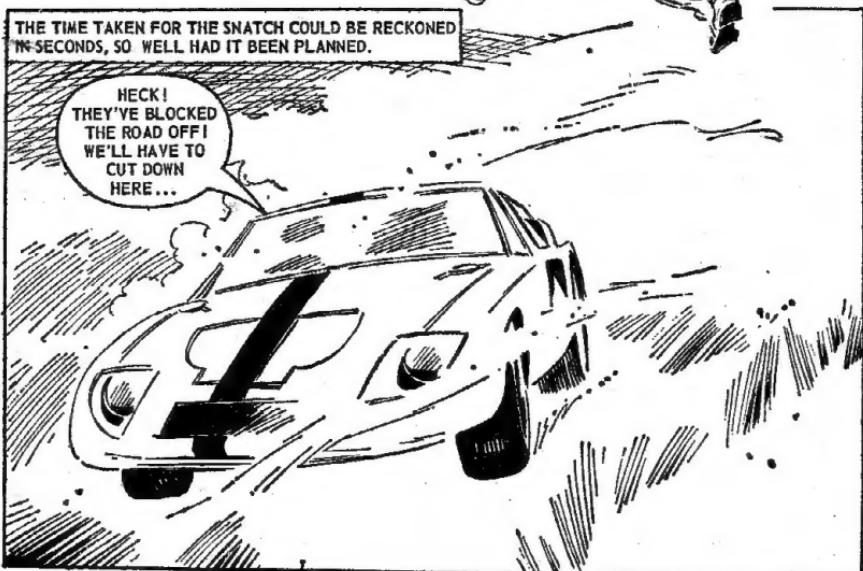
A STEEL HOOK WAS SNAPPED ON TO THE TOW BAR - THE CABLE TAUTENED. DESPITE ITS HANDBRAKE BEING ON, THE SECURITY TRUCK WAS DRAGGED BODILY INTO THE VAN.



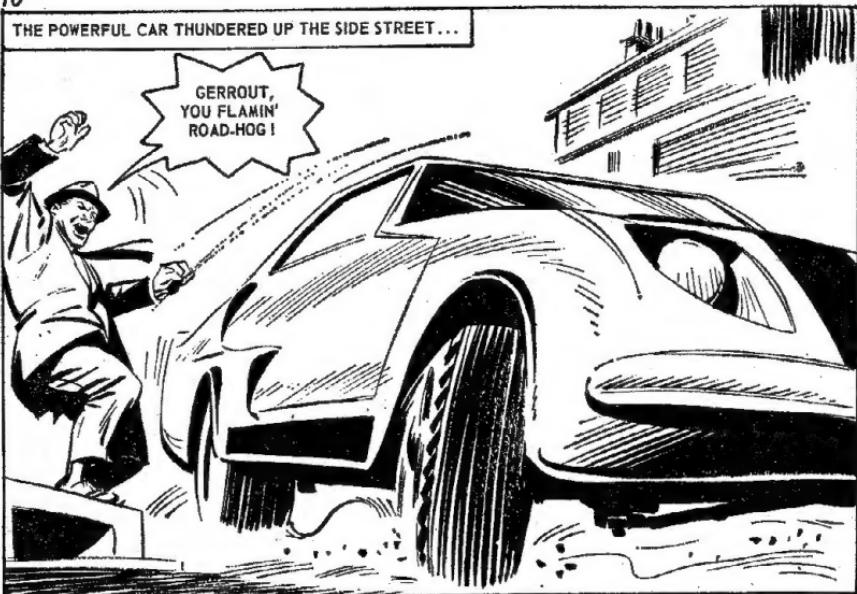
SMOKE BOMBS EXPLODED VIOLENTLY IN THE STREET, VOMITING OUT BILLOWING WHITE CLOUDS THAT COMPLETELY OBSCURED THE THUGS AS THEY MADE THEIR GETAWAY.



THE TIME TAKEN FOR THE SNATCH COULD BE RECKONED IN SECONDS, SO WELL HAD IT BEEN PLANNED.

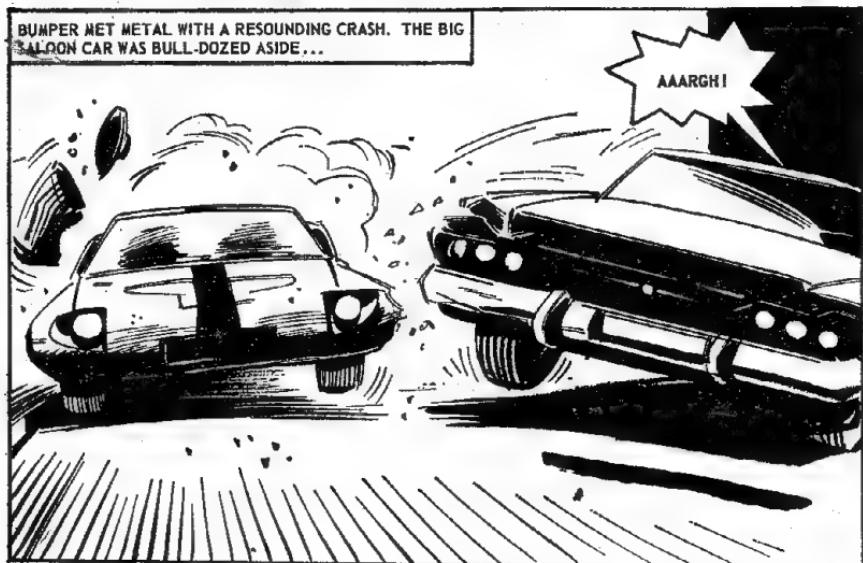


THE POWERFUL CAR THUNDERED UP THE SIDE STREET...



EYES SEARCHING EVERY CORNER THEY PASSED,
PINKY SPOTTED THEIR QUARRY FIRST...







INSIDE THE GATES, THE WELL-ORGANISED CROOKS WERE ALREADY IN ACTION AGAIN. THE SECURITY VAN'S DOOR WAS OPEN. THE DRIVER, JOHNNY LOMAX, AND A GUARD WERE HELD AT GUN POINT.



GREG HAD JUDGED IT TOO RISKY FOLLOWING THE VAN THROUGH THE GATES. HE STOPPED A FEW YARDS DOWN THE ROAD INSTEAD.



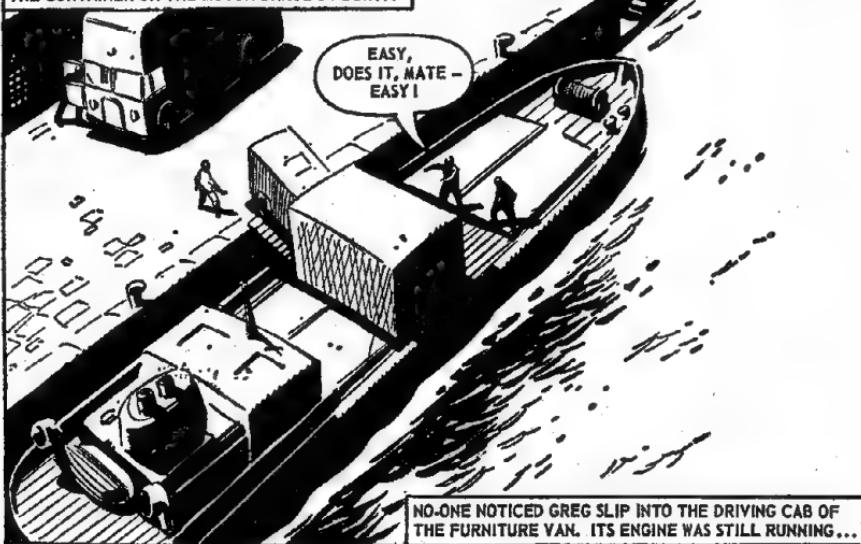
STRONG LEG MUSCLES GAVE GREG THE SPRING HE NEEDED TO GAIN HIS OBJECTIVE.



HE SLID DOWN THE OTHER SIDE AND TOOK SHELTER BEHIND A TRUCK.



THE CROOKS WERE WASTING NO TIME. THE CAPTURED SECURITY VAN WAS ALREADY NOsing DOWN INTO THE CONTAINER ON THE MOTOR BARGE'S DECK...



NEXT MOMENT...



WITH THE SEAT CUSHION, GREG WEDGED THE ACCELERATOR PEDAL HARD DOWN - AND THEN JUMPED!



OVER THE EDGE WENT THE BIG VAN, TO LAND CRUSHINGLY ON TO THE
BARGE'S WHEELHOUSE — AND THEN THE FAT WAS IN THE FIRE!



THERE WAS NOTHING GREG COULD DO BUT TURN AND RUN! EVEN AS HE REACHED THE WALL, HE
HEARD SWEET MUSIC — POLICE-CAR SIRENS.



WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, THE SECURITY VAN'S DRIVER, JOHNNY LOMAX, PULLED A QUIZZICAL FACE.



NEXT DAY, GREG, PINKY AND JOHNNY WERE INTERVIEWED BY NIGEL ALLUM, TOP-MAN OF STRONGVAULT.



NIGEL ALLUM THUMPED HIS DESK PETULANTLY.

NO! THERE
WILL BE NO ARMED
MEN IN MY ORGANISATION.
NOW TAKE TWO DAYS' BREAK,
AND REPORT TO ME ON THURSDAY.
I HAVE AN IMPORTANT
ASSIGNMENT FOR
YOU THREE.



BY NOW, THE SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF HANS LENZ HAD RECEIVED WORLD PUBLICITY. SENOR MANUEL RODRIGUES WAS NOT THE FIRST MAN TO PUT A BUSINESS PROPOSITION TO THE SCIENTIST...



LIKE THE OTHERS WHO HAD SOUGHT TO BUY THE LENZ HEAT
REACTOR, RODRIGUES WAS GETTING THE BRUSH-OFF.



THE OLD MAN SLOWLY SHOOK HIS HEAD. WOULD THESE MEN WHO THOUGHT ONLY OF MATERIAL THINGS NEVER UNDERSTAND?

THAT IS NOT TRUE, BUT I WILL NOT ARGUE. SUFFICIENT TO SAY THAT MY REACTOR IS ALREADY IN THE SAFE-KEEPING OF THE ROYAL STEEL CONSORTIUM. THEIR NEW FACTORY TO PRODUCE HIGH-GRADE STEEL BY USING THE SUPRA-HEAT FROM MY INVENTION IS ALMOST COMPLETE. WHEN IT IS WORKING, I WILL THEN START TO PRODUCE MORE LENZIUM TO MAKE ANOTHER REACTOR.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN NARROWED HIS EYES. RUMOUR HAD SAID THAT THE LENZIUM ALREADY PRODUCED WOULD LAST INDEFINITELY, BUT THE ELEMENT WAS SO RARE, NOT ENOUGH COULD BE OBTAINED TO PRODUCE ANOTHER REACTOR.

MORE LENZIUM? I UNDERSTAND IT HAD TAKEN HALF A LIFETIME TO PRODUCE THE AMOUNT YOU NEEDED.



OF COURSE. BUT NEXT TIME, IT SHOULD ONLY TAKE ME TEN YEARS. I PRAY THAT I LIVE THAT LONG! ANOTHER DRINK FOR OUR GUEST, LUTHER.

TEN YEARS! FOR RODRIGUES THAT WAS HALF A LIFETIME!

PROFESSOR, I COULD NOT
WAIT THAT LONG. MY BUSINESS IN
INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS COULD USE THE LENZ
HEAT REACTOR NOW. I RAISE MY OFFER
BY HALF-A-MILLION!

YOU CAN RAISE IT TO
INFINITY. IT WOULD BE NO USE.
I HAVE GIVEN IT TO BRITAIN, SIR. PLEASE
COME BACK IN TEN YEARS AND WE
WILL TALK AGAIN, EH?

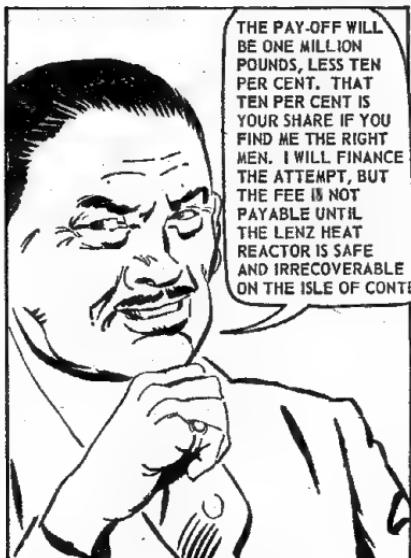
THE SOUTH AMERICAN APPEARED TO ACCEPT DEFEAT. THE SUAVE CHARM HAD RE-APPEARED AS
HE PREPARED TO LEAVE

IN TEN
YEARS' TIME,
THEN, PROFESSOR
LENZ, I SHALL LOOK
FORWARD TO IT.
ADIOS.

GOODBYE,
SIR. I AM
SORRY YOU HAD
YOUR LONG
JOURNEY FOR
NOTHING.



LEW FROBISHER, THE CLUB OWNER, DID NOT SPEAK UNTIL RODRIGUES HAD OUTLINED THE REASON FOR HIS VISIT. THEN...



THE NEXT NIGHT AT FROBISHER'S FLAT, RODRIGUES MET "THE FIXERS"
SMILER JOHNSON HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN TO LAUGH AND LEE CRIPPS
HAD THE COLD EYES OF A DEAD FISH.

SURE, LEE
AND ME CAN FIX IT.
YOU SAY THIS GADGET
WILL BE IN A SPECIAL
CANISTER NO BIGGER THAN
A TWENTY-FIVE POUNDER
SHELL CASE. THAT'S
HANDY. BUT HOW DO WE
GET IT OUT OF THE
COUNTRY?

YOU CAN
LEAVE THE MATTER
OF TRANSPORT TO ME,
BUT I WILL NEED TO
KNOW OF AN OLD WAR-TIME
AIRFIELD NOT TOO FAR
FROM THE POINT
OF HOIST.

IT WAS A DETAIL QUICKLY SETTLED AND WHEN RODRIGUES FLEW BACK TO HIS PRIVATE
ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF BRAZIL, HE CARRIED A MARKED MAP WITH HIM.

GOMEZ, YOU
WILL TAKE THE
JET TO ENGLAND.
HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT
THIS. FOR IT IS
HERE WHERE YOU
WILL LAND.

SI,
SEÑOR.

HIS PILOT BRIEFED, THE MILLIONAIRE WENT WITH HIS FACTORY MANAGER TO THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND, WHERE HE HAD BUILT HIS INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX.

YOU CAN START PREPARING NUMBER TWO FURNACE, DA SILVA. WE SHALL SOON HAVE ANOTHER SOURCE OF HEAT. THEN, INSTEAD OF PRODUCING MERE INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS, WE WILL CREATE THE REAL THING!

SO YOU WON, SENOR! YOU PERSUADED LENZ TO SELL? EXCELLENT!

LENZ, THE OLD FOOL, REFUSED TO SELL BUT NEVERTHELESS, I SHALL SOON HAVE ENOUGH HEAT TO TURN CARBON INTO PRICELESS STONES. I HAVE SEEN TO THAT! THEN I WILL CORNER THE WORLD'S DIAMOND MARKET!

STRONGVAULT HAD BEEN GIVEN THE JOB OF TRANSPORTING THE LENZ HEAT REACTOR FROM THE MASSIVE VAULTS OF THE ROYAL STEEL CONSORTIUM IN LONDON TO ITS FACTORY IN THE NORTH.



THE VAN TURNED INTO THE GUARDED GATES OF THE CONSORTIUM'S GREAT STEEL PLANT AND JOHNNY LOMAX, ITS DRIVER, SLID HIS PASS OUT THROUGH THE PARTLY-OPENED WINDOW.



AS THE VAN DROVE ON, GREC DREW UP AT THE GUARD-HUT. HE FLASHED HIS PASS, ALSO.



MEANWHILE, THE ARMOURED VAN HAD BEEN HALTED BY SOME WORKMEN ON THE ROAD INTO THE PLANT.



AT THE GATE, GREG WAS GETTING IMPATIENT. THE GUARD APPEARED TO BE IN NO HURRY TO CLEAR HIM FOR ENTRANCE.



A FEW MORE MINUTES TICKED BY. THEN...



AT THAT MOMENT, GREG LOOKED DOWN THE ROAD - AND GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE.



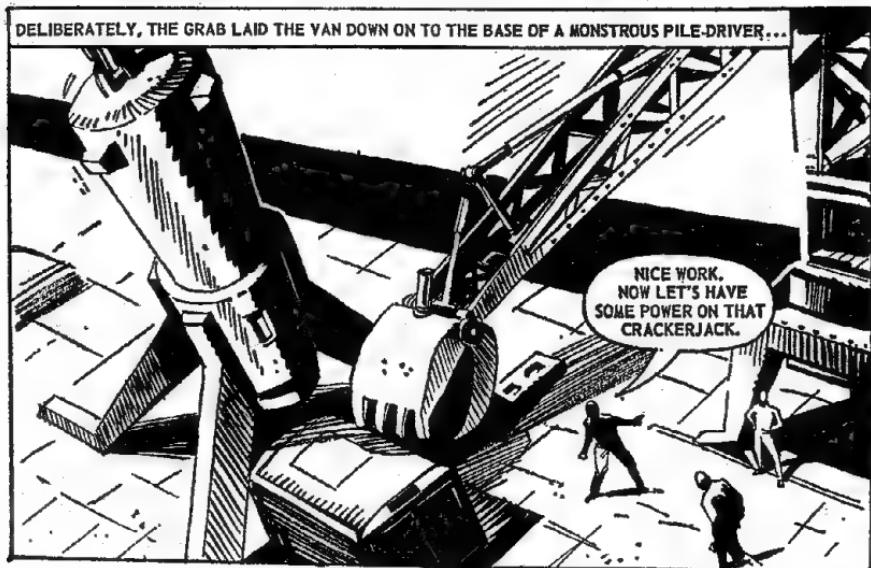
PINKY'S FIST SHOT OUT LIKE A BATTERING RAM...



THE VAN HAD BEEN HOISTED HIGH ABOVE THE ROAD. STANDING BESIDE THE GIANT MECHANICAL GRAB,
SMILER JOHNSON AND LEE CRIPPS SUPERVISED THE OPERATION...



DELIBERATELY, THE GRAB LAID THE VAN DOWN ON TO THE BASE OF A MONSTROUS PILE-DRIVER...



INSIDE THE VAN, JOHNNY LOMAX GAVE A HORRIFIED CRY...



GREG WAS STILL RUNNING TOWARDS THE SCENE WHEN TWO VEHICLES ACCELERATED TOWARDS HIM...



HE GOT A SIGHT OF THE MAN IN THE CAR – AND RECOGNISED HIM AT ONCE...

SMILER
JOHNSON! SO
THIS IS
ONE OF YOUR
EFFORTS!

GET LOST,
FELLERI

THE BULLET Sang WITHIN INCHES OF
GREG'S EAR AS HE LEAPED ASIDE.

PINKY!
WATCH OUT,
THEY'RE
ARMED!

A STONE WAS NOT VERY EFFECTIVE AGAINST BULLETS BUT AT LEAST IT PUT THE CROOK OFF HIS AIM...



THE TWO SECURITY MEN WERE QUICKLY LEFT YARDS BEHIND. THEY SAW THE VAN HALT AT THE GATE...



BUT NEITHER OF THEM WERE PREPARED FOR WHAT THEY FOUND. THE STRONG ARMOURED VAN HAD BEEN SQUASHED LIKE AN EMPTY TIN, ITS SIDES SPLIT OPEN ...



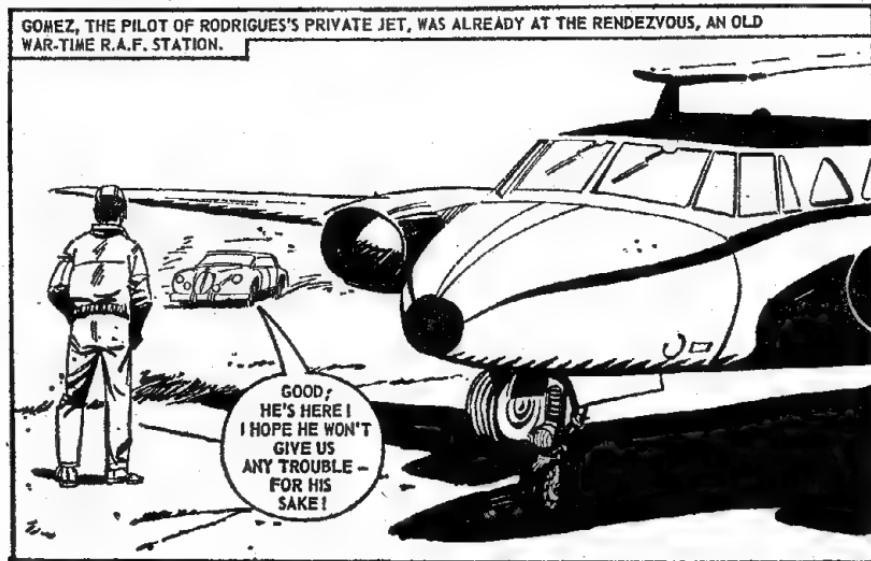
TEN MILES NORTH OF THE STEEL PLANT, THE CROOKS' VEHICLES TURNED INTO A WOODLAND TRACK. OTHER VEHICLES AWAITED THEM THERE.



THEY POURED PETROL OVER THE TWO VEHICLES USED IN THE OPERATION, AND SET THEM BLAZING. THEN THEY TRANSFERRED TO THE OTHER CARS.



GOMEZ, THE PILOT OF RODRIGUES'S PRIVATE JET, WAS ALREADY AT THE RENDEZVOUS, AN OLD WAR-TIME R.A.F. STATION.





ONE MORE ITEM IN RODRIGUES'S PLANS NEEDED ATTENTION. THE LENZ HEAT REACTOR HAD TO REMAIN UNIQUE. THAT NIGHT, HANS LENZ RECEIVED A LATE VISIT.



THE TWO SHOTS STARTED THE HOUSEHOLD. UPSTAIRS, LUTHER GOT FELT HIS HEART MISS A BEAT.





AT THE STRONGVAULT H.Q., GREG BURKE AND PINKY FACED AN IRATE MANAGING DIRECTOR.



THEN LET
ME SETTLE IT
FOR YOU! I
QUIT - HERE
AND NOW.



OUTSIDE, PINKY SUDDENLY REALIZED HE HAD THROWN UP A WELL-PAID JOB. YET HE HAD NO REGRETS.



WITH THAT MONEY THEY COULD HAVE SAT BACK AND TAKEN A HOLIDAY. BUT GREG BURKE HAD OTHER IDEAS.



SO THE DEAL WAS MADE. THE REWARD MONEY WOULD FINANCE AN INDEPENDENT SEARCH FOR THE KILLERS OF JOHNNY LOMAX AND JOCK TURNER. THE LENZ HEAT REACTOR WAS NOT EVEN CONSIDERED - EXCEPT AS A LEAD.



BUT YES, MANY WERE INTERESTED. ONE MAN OFFERED A MILLION AND A HALF POUNDS FOR IT! A FANTASTIC SUM, BUT PROFESSOR LENZ TURNED IT DOWN, OUT OF HAND!



A MILLION AND A HALF! PHEW! WHO WAS THAT, MISTER GOT?

A SENOR RODRIGUES FROM SOUTH AMERICA. I UNDERSTAND HE MANUFACTURES INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.



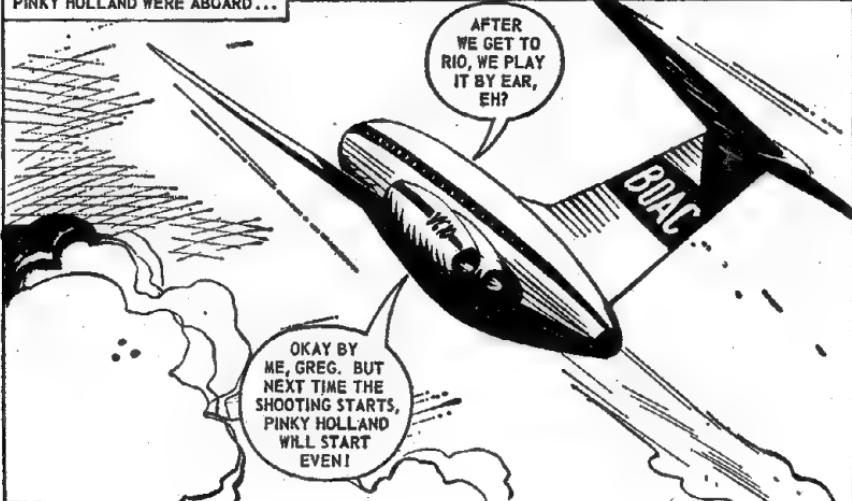
THE LEAD WAS GETTING WARMER. THE TWO INVESTIGATORS' NEXT STOP WAS AT THE BRAZILIAN EMBASSY IN LONDON. THERE THEY LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT RODRIGUES, THE MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST.



THE REWARD MONEY WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO FINANCE A TRIP TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.



FOUR WEEKS LATER, A B.O.A.C. VC-10 LEFT HEATHROW AIRPORT FOR RIO DE JANEIRO. GREG BURKE AND PINKY HOLLAND WERE ABOARD...



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE MODERN CITY OF RIO, THEY FOUND A PLACE WHERE THEY COULD HIRE A BOAT.



A DAY OF STEADY SAILING BROUGHT THEM WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ISLE OF CONTE...



AS PINKY GOT CRACKING WITH AN AXE, GREG KNEW THEY HAD TAKEN THE ROAD OF NO RETURN.



THE TWO EX-SECURITY MEN WERE SURPRISED TO FIND THEY COULD ROW IN TO THE BEACH WITHOUT INTERFERENCE. IT SEEMED THE ISLAND'S GUARDS WERE ENGAGED IN PUTTING DOWN A STRIKE BY RODRIGUES'S SLAVE LABOUR.



THE ANGRY WORKERS TOOK NO NOTICE OF THE INTRUDERS, BUT TWO OF THE GUARDS QUICKLY HAD THEM COVERED ...



PAH! THEY ARE THE SCUM OF BRAZIL. RECENTLY, THE SENOR INSTALLED A MIRACULOUS NEW PLANT WHICH MUST BE KEPT WORKING NIGHT AND DAY. JUST BECAUSE THESE LAYABOUTS HAVE TO WORK MAYBE TWELVE HOUR SHIFTS, THEY COMPLAIN!



THE MESSAGE CAME BACK THAT THE TWO TRESPASSERS HAD TO BE TAKEN DIRECTLY TO RODRIGUES'S HOUSE.



AS THEY DROVE ALONG THE COAST ROAD TOWARDS THE RESIDENTIAL PART OF CONTE, GREG WHISPERED TO HIS COMPANION.

HEAR THAT, PINKY? THAT 'NEW PLANT' HE'S INSTALLED MUST BE THE LENIUM HEAT REACTOR. AND HE HIRES CONVICTS TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK - DRIVING THEM LIKE SLAVES TO GET THE MAXIMUM OUTPUT, NO DOUBT!



THE MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST WAS WAITING AT THE HOUSE. GREG PLAYED THE ENGLISH TOURIST FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH.

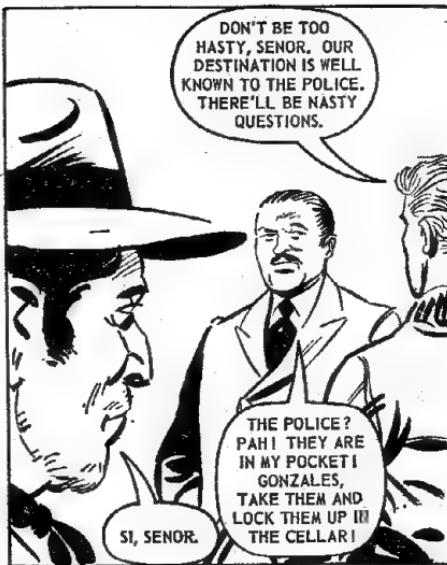
I SAY I IS
THIS ARMED GUARD
REALLY NECESSARY? I
UNDERSTOOD YOU BRAZILIANS
WERE HOSPITALITE FOLK. AFTER
ALL, WE ARE TRAVELLERS
IN DISTRESS!

ENTRY TO
CONTE IS FORBIDDEN –
IT IS PRIVATE LAND.
I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW
WHY YOU WERE SAILING
THIS WAY.

. YOU WILL
ANSWER ME,
PLEASE? WHY
DID YOU COME
TO CONTE?
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT IS YOUR
BUSINESS?

I TOLD
YOU, WE ARE
MERELY TOURISTS.
WE HIRED THE YACHT
TO GO SAILING –
AND THEN HAD
TROUBLE WITH IT.
DASHED NUISANCE,
IT IS!

AND THEN, WHO SHOULD ENTER THE ROOM BUT SMILER JOHNSON AND LEE CRIPPS.

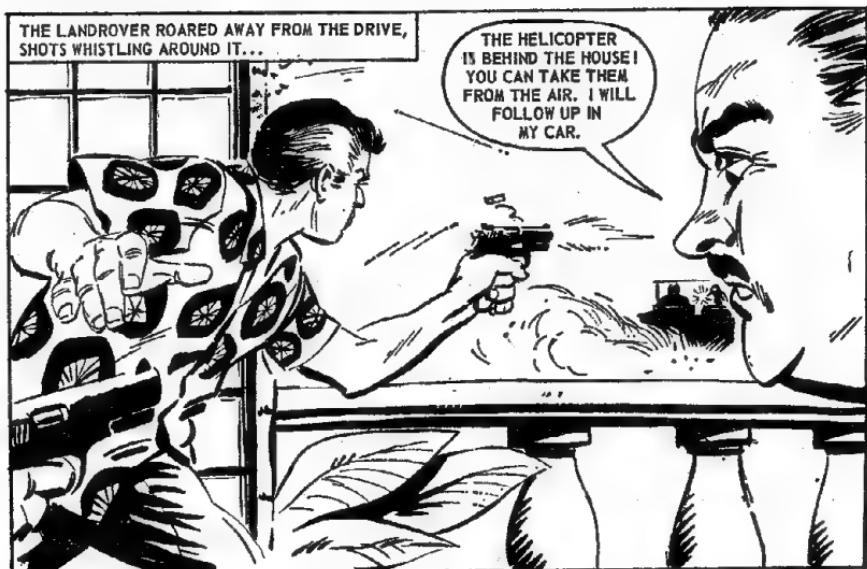




ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND WAS GOING TO BE DIFFICULT,
BUT THEN GREG REMEMBERED THE MILITANT WORKERS...



THE LANDROVER ROARED AWAY FROM THE DRIVE,
SHOTS WHISTLING AROUND IT...



JOHNSON AND CRIPPS RACED TO THE SMALL LANDING-PAD AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...

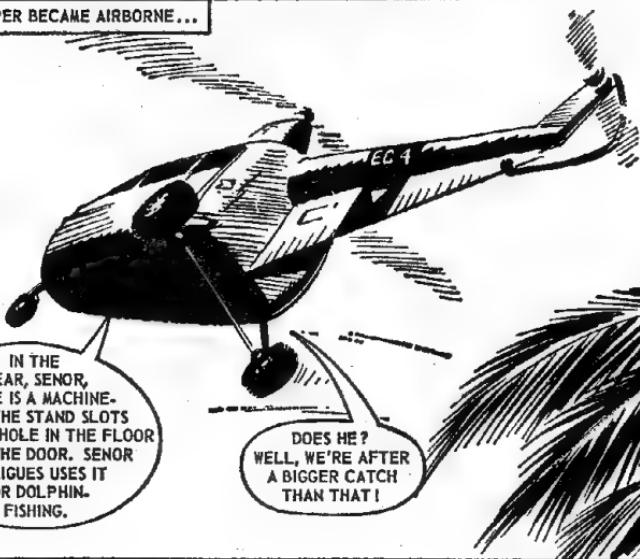
THE LANDROVER
IS HEADING FOR THE
PLANT - WITH TWO
SPIES IN IT!
SEÑOR RODRIGUES
WANTS THEM
STOPPED!



AS THE CHOPPER BECAME AIRBORNE...

IN THE
REAR, SEÑOR,
THERE IS A MACHINE-
GUN. THE STAND SLOTS
INTO THAT HOLE IN THE FLOOR
NEAR THE DOOR. SEÑOR
RODRIGUES USES IT
FOR DOLPHIN-
FISHING.

DOES HE?
WELL, WE'RE AFTER
A BIGGER CATCH
THAN THAT!



THERE WAS A MASS OF WORKERS ON THE COAST ROAD ALONG WHICH THE LANDROVER WAS DRIVING...

IT'S A CHOPPER AFTER US - AND YOU CAN BET IT'S ARMED! BETTER KEEP GOING THROUGH THOSE WORKERS AHEAD, PINKY. WE DON'T WANT TO GET THEM INVOLVED IN ANY SHOOTING!



BUT PINKY WAS FORCED TO SLOW UP BY THE ANGRY MOB.

LET US THROUGH!
WE ARE YOUR
FRIENDS!

PAH!
IT IS ONLY
THE ENGLISH TOURISTS.
LET THEM GO! IT IS
RODRIGUES WE
WANT!



THE HELICOPTER WAS PERILOUSLY CLOSE BY THE TIME
PINKY HAD INCHED CLEAR OF THE STRIKERS.

STEP ON
IT, PINKY!
TRY TO GET TO THE
PLANT - THERE'LL
BE SHELTER
THERE!



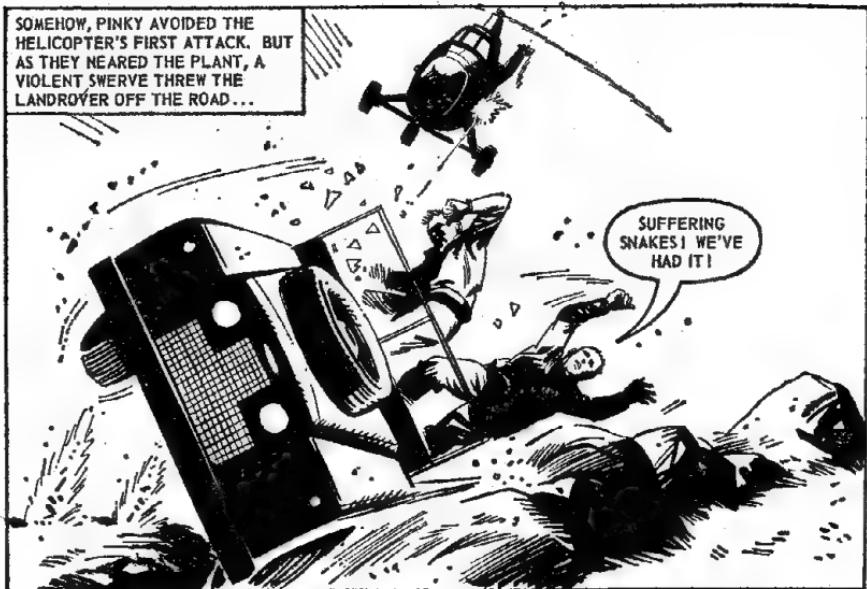
THE FACTORY ITSELF WAS ALMOST DESERTED. THE WORKERS HAD BEATEN UP THEIR GUARDS BEFORE
WALKING OUT...

THEY WERE
LIKE ANIMALS!
COME - WE
MUST WARN SENOR
RODRIGUES...

HE IS
LUCKY THEY DID
NOT DESTROY THE NEW
MACHINE!



SOMEHOW, PINKY AVOIDED THE HELICOPTER'S FIRST ATTACK. BUT AS THEY NEARED THE PLANT, A VIOLENT SWERVE THREW THE LANDROVER OFF THE ROAD...



AS THEY PULLED THEMSELVES TO THEIR FEET, THEY SAW THE CHOPPER SWINGING AROUND TO FINISH THEM OFF ...

WATCH IT, PINKY!
USE THE TRUCK FOR COVER!

THE
MURDERING
SWINE!



COOLLY, DELIBERATELY, THE TWO MEN TOOK AIM. IT WAS KILL - OR BE KILLED !



IT'S PILOT HIT, THE HELICOPTER SWERVED WILDLY LIKE A WOUNDED BIRD. ABOVE THE PLANT, IT SUDDENLY DIVED.

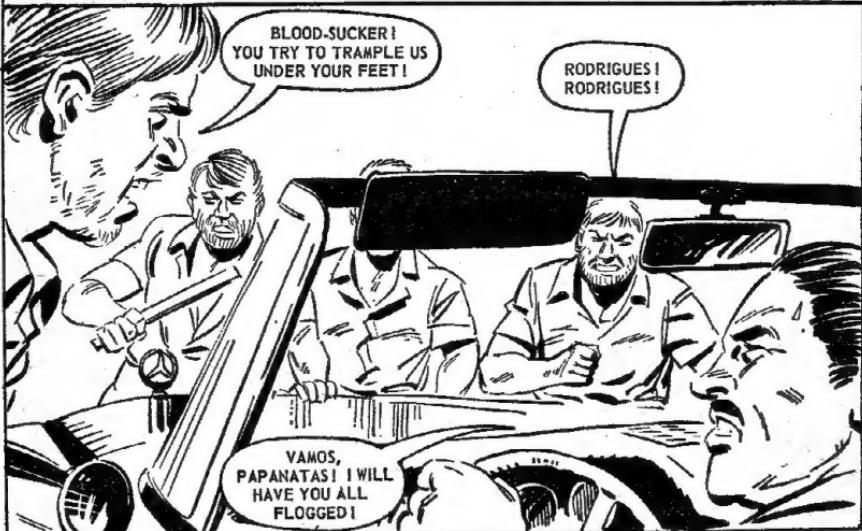


INTO THE HEART OF THE PLANT IT PLUMMETED.
EVEN FROM A DISTANCE, GREG AND PINKY
HEARD THE HORRIBLE CRUNCH AND SAW THE
FIRST LICKING TONGUES OF FLAME. THEN -
IT HAPPENED...



MY GODFATHERS!
THE LENZ HEAT
REACTOR MUST HAVE
BLOWN UP.

IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT RODRIGUES IN HIS CAR MET HIS ANGRY SLAVE-LABOURERS. BEING THE MAN HE WAS, HE TRIED TO BULL-DOZE HIS WAY THROUGH THEM...



BUT THREATS WOULD NOT FRIGHTEN THAT MOB, ROUSED TO BLOOD HEAT BY THE INHUMAN TREATMENT THEY HAD RECEIVED. ONE HUGE HEAVE – AND MANUEL RODRIGUES, STILL IN HIS CAR, WAS TOSSED OVER THE CLIFF ...



EVEN AS HE PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH IN THE SEA, RODRIGUES MUST HAVE SEEN HIS DIAMOND FACTORY AND HIS DREAMS OF UNLIMITED RICHES AND POWER GO UP IN SMOKE.



AFTER THEY HAD CLEARED THEMSELVES WITH THE BRAZILIAN AUTHORITIES, GREG AND PINKY HAD A LOOK AT RIO DE JANEIRO...



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